



Hot Spice Gingerbread, all hot.

IN Winter ev'ning should you stroll,
 Around the church of good St.
 Paul,
 This honest Baker you will find,
 A small tin oven stuck behind.
 His Gingerbread he thus keeps hot
 Which grateful is to ev'ry palate:
 And Boys who are by Virtue led,
 Shall never want hot Gingerbread.